



The best way to predict future is to create it



👁 57 ✓ 16 ★ 13

Chapter 1 by Carmen LF

She was the best and worst fortuneteller ever because

Chapter 2 by ConradG



because...

Damn! She couldn't remember. She looked up and unfortunately, the rube was still there, looking expectant. "Is Laura at peace now?" he was saying, "Did she have any message for me?"

Laura... right...

Nadia looked back at her crystal ball ... "Laura, Laura," she squinted and strained to send that name through the crystal into the other world... she searched for a fat woman that might have been a suitable wife for this customer, but then instead of a woman, there inside her crystal, clear as day, was a

Chapter 3 by intellikat



was a...

"Ummm. I'm seeing a..."

"Yes??"

"...it's a bit unclear, but... mmmm, hmmm. I'm getting an image... it's a bit blurry..."

"Yes??"

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"It's a microwave oven!"

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"A microwave oven!"

Nadia blinked. "Yes. Um. I feel this must be significant in some way."

"Well..." The man across from her frowned. "Laura did use the microwave often."

Chapter 4 by Samantha



"Umm." I looked back up at the man.

"Well..." he said impatiently.

"Oh yes. Of course..." I stammered. I looked back into the crystal ball, this time I looked harder and closer.

"Yes. Um well I'm seeing some words.." I squinted harder.

"And... What are they?" By now he was getting restless and all of the sudden, it hit me.

The words became clear as day. What I found though, was not what I had in mind.

Not one bit...

Chapter 5 by intellikat



"Kenmore. The words are Kenmore Elite Microwave Oven. Does that mean anything to you?"

The man frowned.

"Dependability, I suppose? Kenmore is know to be fairly reliable."

"I think Laura is asking you to get rid of the old microwave, buy a Kenmore, and move on with your life. Perhaps heat some ramen noodles in there for dinner tonight."

The man began to tear up. "Oh, Laura," he sobbed.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



The door to the fortuneteller's shop swung open, a jingle of bells, and Nadia stepped out onto the cold street. A chill wind blew from the north, carrying with it the scent of rain. Nadia sighed and dragged

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her Gristedes bag toward the curb where a lone taxi cab waited, its warm exhaust painting the air a clouded white.

"Home, Bertie," she said to the driver as she pushed herself in. "Home."

Suddenly, there was a loud rapping at the car window, and Nadia jerked back to see the man she had just met with beside the taxi, motioning frantically. She lowered the window.

"Yes?"

"One more thing. I have to know. Did... did... Laura have an affair? Did she cheat on me with my best friend? Please. I have to know."

Nadia sighed.

"Have you got a fifty on you?" she asked.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



"Why, yes..." the man fumbled in his pocket. "I do."

"Then go get yourself a handjob and move on, pal. "

"Excuse me?"

"Your wife's dead. DEAD. You've got hair growing out of your ears like you've forgotten all manner of basic hygiene, and you weep like an autistic whale when you bring her up. Forget her. Forget any affairs that did or didn't happen. Move. On."

The man stopped sobbing and wiped his nose with the back of a hand.

"You know the best way to predict the future, bub?" said Nadia.

The man shook his head no.

"Create it."

She rolled the window back down, and he disappeared, leaving the man standing soberly on the sidewalk to consider either the handjob or the ramen noodles.

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And the snow continued to fall.

Chapter 8 by LethalPianist



The next morning...

"Today on the news, we have had an unfortunate death in the late hours of the night. The man's name was John Watson, aged fifty-four, whose wife had deceased very recently. He apparently died of a gunshot wound, from a gun in his hand. The police has declared it a suicide."

"He left a death note, and on it was a message."

-The easiest way to create a new future is to destroy it-

the end

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